

PINES



APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# Dennis

No. 31

10c

# The MENACE



# Dennis THE MENACE



"IT DON'T SMALL BAY! AN' GOOD AN' PEACED' OUTSIDE!"



"GAWD BLESS' DENNIS! I JUST HAD MY HAIR FINED!"

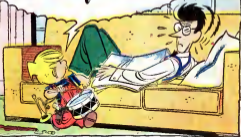


"IT WAGHT BAW!"



"THERE NO BURRO' TOWHERE IN YOUR BACK YARD!"

**WE'RE IN THE  
ARMY NOW!**




**C'MON, DAD!**  
Show me how  
they do  
in the  
Army!

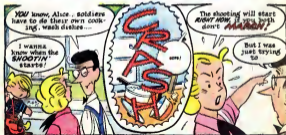
I was in the **NAVY!**  
And besides...

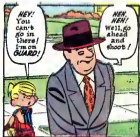
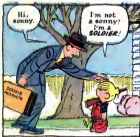
**SAY!**  
That's  
an  
idea!

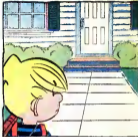
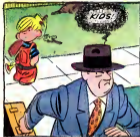
Sure it is!  
But I thought  
of it!

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IT GUARANTEES QUALITY AND WHOLESOME ENTERTAINMENT.**









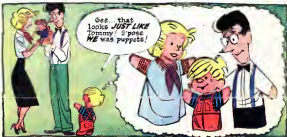
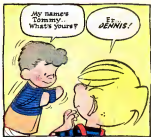


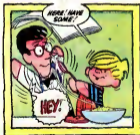
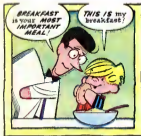






# A Puppetale





LOOK WHAT YOU DID! YOU GOT CEREAL ALL OVER MY GLASSES!

See, I'm sorry, Dad!

I'll clean 'em for you!

HURRY UP DENNIS. I can't see a thing without my glasses!

You can't?

BEHIND! BEHIND! BEHIND!

?

What are you doing now?

Eating my breakfast!

**GIVE ME MY GLASSES!**

OKAY!  
Don't YELL  
at me!

There you are, Dad!

Thanks!

Let me help ya!

OUCH!

I have to go to work now. Finish your cereal!

Okay.

Have a bite of cookie, Dad!

NO! No, thanks!

COOKIES FOR BREAKFAST!

What's wrong with your father? He had an awful look on his face!

He don't like cookies for breakfast!

Well, who **WOULD** like cookies for breakfast?

**GUESS!**

I'm full, Mom!

Well, all right.



I thought you were full! How can you eat a cookie?

'Cause **YOU** made it, Mom!

Your cookies are **LOTS** better'n any ol' cereal!



Oh, Dennis, you're hopeless!

Yeah.

I like you, too, Mom!



END

# TIME *will* TELL

"HI, DAD!" Jimmy Hunter jumped into his father's arms as his father came through the front door.

Mr. Hunter grinned and ruffled Jimmy's hair, but when he put him down and sat in his chair, Jimmy saw the look of bitterness and defeat in his eyes. His mother, coming in from the kitchen, saw it too.

"What did Mr. Jackson have to say?" she asked anxiously.

"Same old thing," his father sighed. "Keep out of trouble and be patient. He's trying his best to get me a job somewhere, but it's the same old story."

Jimmy knew something about that story. His father had made a mistake once and done something wrong. Because of it, he had been away for three long years. He'd just come home a month ago, and he had to see Mr. Jackson, who was something called a "parole officer," every week. Mr. Jackson was trying to get his father a job, but because he had made a mistake a long time ago, people were afraid to have him work for them.

"Boy, I think people are silly!" Jimmy said. "You wouldn't hurt anybody, Dad!"

"Mr. Jackson's right," his mother added. "Just be patient and something will come along. Time will tell!"

His father got out of the chair and began pacing the floor. "Time!" he said angrily.



"I've spent enough time paying for what I did. Now I want to work, so you can quit carrying dishes at that restaurant!"

"I don't mind. Honestly! I did it all the time you were away, and I can keep on doing it until you get something to do. And you will, soon. I know it!"

"Sure, sure," Mr. Hunter said absently, but Jimmy could see that he was still angry and upset.

"I have to get to the restaurant now," Mrs. Hunter said. "Saturday's a busy day. But I'll have tomorrow morning off and maybe we can go for a ride in the country. You and Jimmy have fun today!"

But Jimmy and his father didn't have very much fun. When his father had first come home, they used to play all sorts of games and do lots of things together, but as the weeks went on, and no job turned up, Mr. Hunter had become more quiet, more inside himself.

That night, as they were going to bed, Jimmy's mother told his father, "Don't forget to put the clock back an hour. We'll be on Standard Time again tomorrow."

His father twisted the knob on the alarm clock grimly. "Sure, you have to get to work on time! And on Sunday, too!"

The next day was a bit better, though. The three of them went to church, and that seemed to make Mr. Hunter feel better. They even went for a little ride afterward, but not for long. Jimmy's mother had to get back to do her washing before she went to the restaurant. And that seemed to make his father go quiet and grim all over again.

Jimmy and his father were looking at the funnies, while Mrs. Hunter was hanging out the wash, when the phone rang. Jimmy dashed to get to it first; they didn't get many calls, and he liked to talk to people on the telephone.

A rough voice grated in his ear: "Lefty?"

"Lefty?" Jimmy said in surprise. "Lemme talk to your old man!" the voice snapped, just as Jimmy's father took the phone from his hand.

"Hello?" he said. "Oh — when did you get out? ... Uh-huh ... Nothing at all — how about you? ... What kind of a job? ... Nine o'clock tomorrow, eh? ... Well, I don't know ..."

Then he looked up and saw Jimmy watching. "Outside?" he ordered, in a strange, hard voice. "Go help your mother!"



He had never talked to Jimmy like that before. But as Jimmy handed the clothes to his mother to hang up, he had an idea. The call must be about a job tomorrow, and his father wanted to surprise them! Gosh, that would be a big surprise, all right! It made him feel good all day, even though his father seemed even more nervous and restless than ever.

At breakfast the next morning, his father said, "Can you take the bus to the restaurant today? I thought I'd run over to Centerton and see if I can get something to do."

"Why, of course. But did Mr. Jackson say you could cross the State line?"

"I've got to find a job, don't I?" his father snapped. "If I can't find it here, I'll find it somewhere else!" He strode out of the house, and Jimmy heard their old car go roaring off.

He wanted to tell his mother not to worry, that all their troubles would soon be over, but he didn't want to say anything until his Dad came home with the good news.

Yet, as he helped her wash the dishes, and saw the hands of the clock get nearer and nearer to nine o'clock, he could hardly keep still. And when it was nine, he just had to tell her!

"Surprise, Mom!" he burst out. "Dad's going to get a job!"

She stared at him. "What makes you so sure?"

"Because a man called him yesterday while you were hanging out the wash!" he said happily. "I heard Dad say something about a job—and nine o'clock this morning." Then he began to think about that conversation. "The man sure sounded kind of tough, though. And Dad asked how long he'd been out. Out of where, I wonder?"

Then it was his turn to stare at his mother, because her face had gone dead white.

"Oh, no!" she gasped. "Not that — again!"

"Not what Mom?" Jimmy cried. But his mother was running into the living room. Her hands trembled as she turned on the radio.

"This is your ten o'clock news," the announcer said. "Just one hour ago, as the First National Bank here in Centerton opened, two men . . ."

"Ten o'clock?" Jimmy interrupted. "It's only nine!"

"Shh! Listen!"

" . . . attempted to surprise the bank guard as he was opening the doors," the radio went on. "Suspicious, the guard, George Freely, reached for his gun and the two men began shooting . . ."

"Oh, no—please, no!" Jimmy's mother

was sobbing. And then Jimmy knew! This was the job his father had gone to!

" . . . the two men fall, seriously wounded," the announcer said. "The guard was not hurt. Police have identified the would-be robbers as . . . let me see . . ."

And Jimmy wanted to hold his ears. Not his father, in a holdup, and hurt!

" . . . oh, here it is," the radio continued. "Police identified the two as George 'Moose' Speigel and Louis 'The Limp' Bearlatti. Both men have records, and were recently paroled from . . ."

Jimmy's mother clicked off the set. "Then it wasn't your father," she said simply. "Thank heavens!"

"Boy, am I glad!" Jimmy said. "I guess Dad was going to see about some other kind of job at nine o'clock, huh? Say, why did the man on the radio say it was ten o'clock? It's just a little after nine!"

"That was the Centerton station. That's across the State line, and they're still on Daylight Saving Time."

"But if it's an hour later by their clocks, Dad missed his appointment there," Jimmy said. "Gosh, that's too bad! He needed that job, too!"

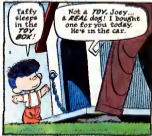
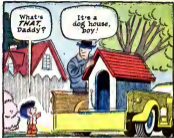
"No I didn't, Jimmy!"

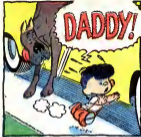
Jimmy turned. His father had entered, looking tired and worn, but now there was a new light of hope in his eyes as he looked from Jimmy to his mother.

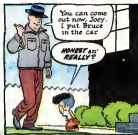
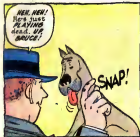
"I was on my way to the bank there when I caught a news flash on the car radio. That difference in time saved me from doing something foolish again." He put his arm around Jimmy's shoulders.

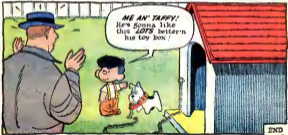
"Your mother always says that 'time will tell.' Well, it did in this case — literally. Now I'm going to take my time and wait for the right kind of job to come along — my time, and our time — together."







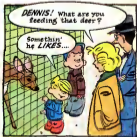
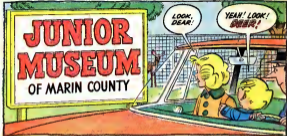


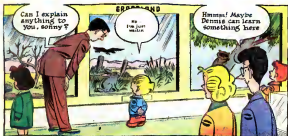
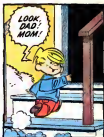
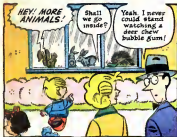


**C'MON KIDS...  
LET'S COLOR!**



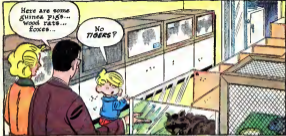
**"I GUESS I DIDN'T HEAR YOU THE FIRST TIME  
'CAUSE I WAS RUNNIN' FASTER 'N SOUND!"**









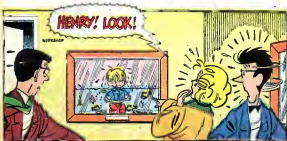


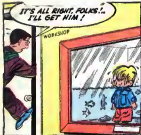










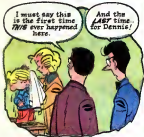


IT'S ALL RIGHT, FOLKS!... I'LL GET HIM!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

I stopped!



I must say this is the first time THIS ever happened here.

And the LAST time... for Dennis!



I bet that's the smartest deer in the whole world!

Sure... I taught him!



Can I show my pet to the Wilsons, Dad?

I guess so.

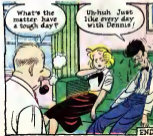
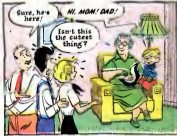


STAY ALL AFTERNOON IF YOU LIKE!

HENRY!







# Dennis THE MENACE



"EN, ABOUT HOME - DO WE GET OUR OWN DINNER?"



"I TOLD YA THE FAT GUY WOULD HAVE PEE!"



"BENNY! WILL YOU COME UP HERE? WE'VE GOT A BATHTUB FULL OF PROSO!"



"YEAH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. DIDN'T YOU KNOW IT WAS RAINING?"

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# Dennis the Menace



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